DOUBLES OF NOTED MEN GAIN FAME IN THEIR LITTLE WORLD

East Side Especially Rich in Submerged Celebrities Whose Facial Resemblance to Those of Wealth and Power Crown Them King in Their Circles---The Caruso of the Bakery

Folks say I look like Carnegie; but that don't help me none
A-diggin' clams and ketchin' crabs out in the frost and sun.
They say I got his hair an' eyes, but, gee, I'd rather look
Like Andy in one knuckle where I don't —the pocket book.
—From "*Life Lyrics of a Clam Digger*."

EXPERTS in the statistics of Sabbath breaking declare that there are not less than 600 active fishing clubs of varied size and standing whose members hunt the waters around Greater New York every Sunday in the season. And of these devotees of the rod and reel it is not likely that a single angler fails to claim at least casual acquaintance with Uncle Andy.

Uncle Andy is a Canarsie landmark, or watermark, whose resemblance to a certain noted ironmaster has been a matter of hilarious jest among the friends of the latter celebrity for many years. Not only is Uncle Andy's resemblance to Mr. Carnegie photographic in its physical features but he speaks when he speaks at all in a voice startlingly like that of his famous double.

"Sure, I know I look like Carnegie," said Uncle Andy last Sunday, when a good catch and sundry more or less stimulating rounds of a specific against the November chill had warmed the heart of him to a communicative and genial candor.

Long association with the taciturn cod, the silent clam and the mute, inglorious oyster has cultivated a natural gift for silence in Uncle Andy to a point where he usually maintains a dumb and voiceless reticence on all subjects not intimately connected with the immediate business of his catch, so that his words are highly esteemed when he breaks his habit of reserve. Everybody listened, therefore, with attentive respect when the ancient fisherman took up his parable.

"I always did favor him a lot and head specialists claim the bumps on our noodles is the same shape an' size too, I bin told.

"But that don't cut no figger; if I was like him in the pocketbook you can betcher last hook 'n' sinker I'd do different with my loose change from what he does, a-buildin' all them there lib'eries an' fillin' 'em wit' all them there books. Them things don't make a city no richer."

The profitless philanthropy of Mr. Carnegie plunged his double into a dour and bitter gloom which was only dispelled by another round of the same fish medicine.

"What would you propose instead of libraries?" inquired a newly elected State Senator.

Uncle Andy shook a weather worn forefinger in empty air.

"If I was him," he growled, "I'd build a fact'ry in place of every last one of them there lib'eries. I'd git busy and buck the steel trust with local iron foundries in the iron deestricks, and I'd whoop up this here buy a bale movement by settin' up cotton fact'ries in all the cotton cities. I'd start cost price shoe fact'ries, 'n' rock bottom shipyards and——"

But Uncle Andy's rosy dream was over for the Senator clapped a hearty hand on his shoulder at this point.

"You need another drink," said the statesman, and when the libation had been properly disposed of some one announced that the tide was right for a catch, and the man who looked like Carnegie was once again the silent, grizzled, wise old fisherman known along all the reaches and waterways of Rockaway and its adjacent bays.

Away over near the First avenue corner of East Eleventh street I went one day with Enrico Caruso to pay a little visit of curiosity to the double of the great tenor. Like Caruso himself, the man whose likeness to the idol of the opera is almost terrifying in its absolute identity of line and expression is an Italian. He isn't a singer, however, but a helper in one of those Italian bake shops familiar to habitues of the picturesque "wop" district, where Fifth avenue loves to go exploring.

Since the respected proprietor of a neighboring flour mart has been in trouble with the vested authorities in a matter relating to certain child stealings and horse poisonings, a discreet reticence marks the dealings held by Eleventh street Italians with strangers, and even the silvery "buon giorno" of Caruso, followed by streams of liquid Tuscan compliment to his compatriot and image failed to induce in the bosom of the baker a confidence sufficient to induce him to disclose his name.

"He says they call him Carus because he look-a like-a me," mimicked the tenor.

Terror sat upon the brow of Carus as he saw his features take visible shape under the singer's nimble pencil, and no blandishments would induce him to respond to the amiable advances of the artist or the scribe.

"My name? Never mind," he said. "I work-a de bake shop. I good-a man. I never get on jail."

It surely should have thrilled the real Caruso to hear this assurance of his double's virtue, but there lurked a certain twinkling doubt of the high moral worth of the "good-a man" in his eye as he finished the hasty sketch and handed it to me.

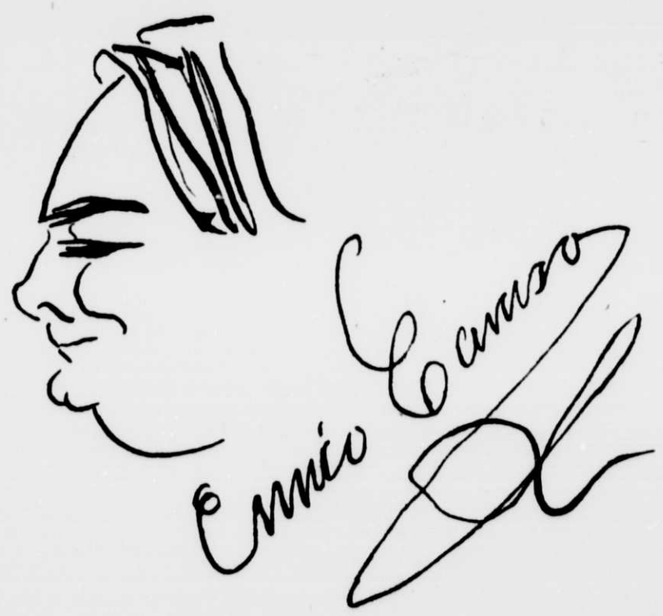
The East Side seems especially rich in submerged celebrities, for it is scarcely a stone's throw from where a loury Caruso sells weirdly twisted and knobby loaves of Italian bread to a dim basement where Walt Whitman's double diligently repairs shoes for whoso will wait while straight heels take the place of crooked ones and new soles of old.

As a child the face of the "good gray poet" was a familiar one to me, his smile a familiar smile, his voice, high pitched and vibrant with what the Greeks call the reed, a familiar voice, and I have often felt myself moved to chat a while with his alter ego, if I so may call the patriarchal cobbler. Only yesterday did I pluck up courage. With a feeling that some flavor of the warm worldwide philosophy of Walt Whitman's every day conversation might be echoed in the conversation of his double I asked the mender of shoes if the pulsing swarm of East Side life surging outside his high set window didn't thrill his heart to a feeling of brotherhood to all humanity.

With the same gently searching eyes which all friends of the poet remember with affection the Crispin of the basement regarded me steadfastly for a heart suspending moment. "There ain't much use a-patchin' up shoes when they're as gone as yourn is," he replied in a voice like a song, "you'd oughta brung 'em around before."

I defy anybody, even a writer of symbolist poems or of vers libres to inject a delphic and Walt Whitman meaning into such an utterance, and so for quite six minutes I sat silent and snubbed, feeling that all my oracles were lying in the dust.

"Did you ever hear of Walt Whitman?" I asked when silence had brought its balm and healing to my soul.



Sketch of Caruso's double by Caruso.

"Sure I've heard of Whitman," he replied, his articulation impeded by shoe pegs, but his emphasis all unimpaired. "He's the gink that done up Charlie Becker. He was a customer of mine; Becker was. Ran fr Governor, didn't he? They 'lected him, didn't they? But he didn't have no show alongside Billy Sulzer in this neck o' the woods."

Again a silence, a pained silence that lasted until the double of Camden's great poet restored me my reconstructed footgear with a muttered inquiry as to whether I was "one of them there suffragettes." Hostile and frosty were his blue eyes, and chill and challenging his voice as he put the question.

"Of course I am——" I began, but got no further.

With a bang the hammer slipped to the floor as the Whitman inches rose, towering toward the cobwebby ceiling.

"Huh!" snorted the double of Walt, "no wonder your heels is all ran over. That's what comes of paradin' an' hikin' round the country like a bunch of crazy loons——"

But I heard no more. Snatching my shoes I stumbled up the steps, leaving the artist to pay the shoemaker's bill, and firmly convinced that a rose by any other name is quite a different affair after all.

Half a block away from the roar of the Grand Central Station the "living image" of Thomas A. Edison, wizard of electric ethers, who tames thunderbolts and harnesses the lightning, wears a porter's badge and trundles a baggage truck quite unconscious of the comments daily made by guests of the hotel to which he is attached upon his resemblance to the world's most noted electrician. Dan is the name of Mr. Edison's double—Daniel McMahon if figures on the census list, but he is known to patrons of the hotel as "Edison," the "Wizard," the "Live Wire" or any one of several designations indicating his likeness to the inventor.

"I take a tip by any old title they want to give me," said Dan when asked if he liked being saluted by the name of his great prototype. "I'm a wizard too in my line, and when it comes to hustling luggage I guess I've got Thomas A. Edison skinned a mile." Which no doubt is true.

Other eminent citizens of these five boroughs have indistinguishable doubles in quite different fields of activity from those wherein they figure. David Belasco, theatrical manager, playwright and producer, a man who never does things by halves, has two of them. One is a benevolent and beloved cleric attached to the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Park avenue, and the second singularly enough is a cantor whose vocalism is a feature of the services in one of the lesser synagogues on the upper West Side.

Robert Louis Stevenson never looked more like his Scottish self than does a sallow but still cheerful Frenchman who keeps a delicatessen shop—a vianderie, he calls it nowadays—on Washington Heights.

Various theatrical clubs point with pride to members who bear so close a likeness to stars in the dramatic firmament as to possess a lustre all their own for reverent out of town guests to whom they are pointed out as being the celebrities they resemble. Many an honest playgoer from Duluth or Baton Rouge has grasped the unwilling hand of Val Heaton of the Lambs and caused that double of John Drew agonies of mortification by praising his last performance at the home town theatre. Mr. Heaton, who is an importer of gloves in the downtown district, bears a resemblance to Mr. Drew which works both ways, since the theatrical star has frequently received flattering attentions from Fifth avenue haberdashers who have mistaken him for the important Mr. Heaton.

Like the leaves of the forest are the numbers of young men who diligently wear their hats and their lips on one side and bend sharply in at the waistline to carry out a resemblance to that idol of all freshman classes George M. Cohan, the star spangled epitome of Broadway uptodateness.

A brief career of glory was that of a handsome liquid eyed Briton named Browne who was employed for one consecutive day as waiter at the Players. Mr. Browne was dismissed after that brief term of service, dismissed with a character and three months wages because his resemblance to the founder of the club—the late Edwin Booth—was so startling as to be genuinely uncanny.

It was Marshall P. Wilder who indirectly caused the dismissal of the valuable Browne. Mr. Wilder, sauntering into the club grill one night, is said to have fainted when the waiter in the very voice and inflection of the famous actor bade him good evening. Mr. Wilder actually thought he had seen the ghost of the founder, and so did Edward Simmons the painter, who happened to be following close on Mr. Wilder's heels.

Indefinitely might the list be continued, but reference to the double possessed by President Woodrow Wilson in the person of a Brooklyn saloon keeper must conclude. Mr. Wilson's double is a stanch advocate of all those measures to which the President is unalterably opposed, and it is a favorite joke with Brooklyn politicians to lure some visiting solon from Washington (and they seldom require much luring) to the temple of Bacchus over which the Presidential double presides and let the statesman listen to "Mr. Wilson's" real sentiments. Needless to say the revenues of the place are largely augmented in the process of explaining away the mistake.

"Huh!" snorted the double of Watt, "no wonder your heels is all ran down."

"Sure, I look like Carnegie."

POOR LO? NOT WHILE HE TANGOS

Seneca Indians from the Reservation up State gave an interesting demonstration at the Grand Central Palace during the Commercial Tercentenary, when they engaged in the tango, the maxixe and the hesitation. Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Why Not Finger Print the Soldier Dead?

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY,
Former Second Deputy Police Commissioner.

IN the terrible conflagration now sweeping the Old World the bodies of thousands of soldiers slain on the battlefields are not returned to their relatives but are buried on the field, and where numbers require it in common graves. Valuables, papers and mementos are taken from the bodies and made up in little packets to be sent to relatives, and the dead soldiers are laid, friend and foe, side by side in long trenches in the ground they have contested.

Every effort is of course made to identify the dead. But the proper and only method, to my mind, is the taking of finger prints. Among the thousands of soldiers killed in battle are many whose finger prints have been taken in time of peace. In France and Great Britain soldiers and sailors are finger printed. The prints are taken when the men enter the service and are carefully filed away, together with other descriptive data. If a soldier or sailor should desert copies of his finger prints are sent to the various police departments throughout the world in an effort to locate him.

Every man enlisted for service in the United States is finger printed when he enters the service. The plan to finger print and photograph all enlisted men was adopted by Uncle Sam in 1906, not only for the purpose of apprehending deserters but also to keep men who have been discharged without honor from enlisting again under an assumed name. When a man enlists nowadays for service in the United States army or navy his finger prints are taken, together with a brief personal description, and a front view and a profile photograph. The record is sent to the War Department at Washington, where it is placed on file and properly recorded.

In the present European slaughter of men how simple it would be, say, for the Red Cross to take finger impressions of the dead on the battlefields, recording where found and forwarding them through official army channels for identification. The classification index in each army headquarters would definitely settle the complete record of the deceased. In this way a correct list of the dead could readily be compiled.

The taking of finger prints of the dead in this war would require no more time than is now occupied in searching the clothing of the dead soldiers for valuables, papers and mementos. A single thumb print is all that is necesary, and it could be taken in less than a minute. It would not be necesary to take the ten fingers.

The equipment necessary for the taking of finger prints is neither expensive nor difficult to carry about. The appliances used could be carried in a small leather bag about the size of those carried by physicians. Ordinary white paper with the surface not too highly glazed, some printers' ink and a roller for spreading it, and a small glass slab, upon which the fingers are impressed, thus outlining the ridges, are necessary. A small magnifying glass is more or less indispensable.

It is through finger prints that we should change ourselves into a nation of the known and knowable from what we are, a nation of haphazard folk. Railroad and steamship companies when selling tickets should take finger prints of purchasers. Such a process would have robbed the disaster of the Titanic of one of the saddest phases of all its horrors—the impossibility of identifying some of the bodies recovered.

The finger print system of identification can be applied not only to a living person but to the dead, even when crushed, mangled or dismembered beyond recognition by nearest relatives and friends. In order that the mysteries of the unknown dead may be prevented the whole nation's population should be finger printed. What a burden of uncertainty, expense and grief would be saved were there in use a universal system of recording finger prints which would abolish forever the grave of the unknown dead.

Every immigrant, at least every adult landing upon our shores, should be finger printed in addition to supplying the descriptive matter as now taken.

The urgent need of a plan for the identification of people throughout the world is becoming more apparent each year.

Numerous methods for this purpose have at different times been devised, only to be discarded, until now there remain in general use the two following systems:

First, the Bertillon method. The method was invented by Alphonse Bertillon of the police department of Paris and was brought out in 1879. It was not until 1899 that it was generally put into use in France. In 1896 Major R. W. McClaughry, then superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, supervised the translation of Bertillon's work from the French into the English. At once the value of this method was appreciated and taken up by the police departments and prison officials throughout the country, and at this time it is still in general use and, owing to the large amount of records and general information indexed and filed under it, it should, and no doubt will, continue to be of great value for the time to come.

Second, the Henry method. This consists of the taking of the inked impressions of the fingers, together with a means for the classification of the same, and was first brought before the public of this country in the year 1900 by E. R. Henry, and prepared at the request of the Government of India. Many years previous to this finger prints as a means of identification had been employed in a limited way, but it was not until Mr. Henry succeeded in devising the method for classification that the system became valuable for general use.

Prisoners have more than once partially destroyed the skin on their fingers in the vain hope of concealing their identity. An attempt of this nature only arouses suspicion and, besides, when the skin heals the characteristic features of the finger will be found the same as before. A man was finger printed in Kilmainham prison several years ago, in the ordinary course, with fingers in excellent condition. Sometime afterward, when again in prison his finger prints were taken and it was found that the left forefinger print was merely a blur, the prisoner having accidentally burned this finger. On a third occasion, when the injury had healed the resulting impression was identical with the first of the series. Of course, a deep seated injury may leave a permanent scar, but even then as a rule sufficient remains in the print to permit identification.

A case illustrating the efficacy of the finger print system may be quoted. In June, 1905, a man, A. B., escaped from Clonmel prison and so effectually covered his tracks that despite diligent search all trace of him for the time being was completely lost. His finger prints had been taken and after escape a copy was sent to Scotland Yard, so that in the event of his arrest in England at any time if finger printed his identity would be established.

From time to time paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers alleging a breakdown in the finger print system, but when investigated the facts have really been evidence in its favor.

Impressions left by any portion of the hand other than the first joint of a finger or thumb are not utilized. The nature of the surface where the mark is left has much to do with its quality. Dirty finger markings are frequently observed on white painted window sashes, but as a rule any wooden surface except a polished one is not sufficiently smooth and the marks may be ignored.